

# Hancock Jeffersonian.

D. R. LOCKE, Proprietor. FINDLAY, OHIO, DECEMBER 12, 1862. Volume 9—No. 23.

**CARRIAGES, CIGS, WAGONS, SULKIES**  
**ELI BEACH**  
CALLS the attention of the people of Hancock and adjoining counties to his fine stock of  
**Buggies, Carriages, Sulkies, etc.,**  
Of every style and variety; and particularly to his make of  
**LUMBER WAGONS!**  
He employs none but the very best workmen, uses nothing but the very best lumber and iron, and, one and all, assure those who need anything in his line that they will be satisfied with it after giving it the severest tests. For style, price, and durability.

**DEFIES COMPETITION**  
In North-Western Ohio; particularly does he claim superiority over the Eastern work, that many are in the habit of buying.  
Good Horses taken in exchange for work. For style, price, and durability.  
FINDLAY, April 4, 1862. **ELI BEACH.**

**BROWN & DUNN**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW.**  
Will attend to Legal Business in Hancock and adjoining Counties.  
Office in Hall's Quarters Building, over Taylor & Croninger's store.  
November 24, 1862.

**F. W. BENTON**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**  
Residence—Main street, one square south of Presbyterian Church, east side.  
Office—Four doors South of Wheeler Bros'.  
When professionally absent, orders may be left at his residence—all such orders will receive prompt attention.  
Special attention given to operations upon and treatment of Diseases of the Eye and Ear.  
January 20th, 1861.

**H. D. BELLAIR**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**  
Having permanently located in Findlay, Ohio, will attend promptly to all professional calls.  
Office and residence Main street. Hall's Block.  
April 23, 1862.

**BROWN, ROSS & BURKE**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW.**  
FINDLAY, OHIO.  
Will practice in Hancock and adjoining Counties.  
Office in Hall's Quarters Building, over Taylor & Croninger's store.  
September 10, 1862.

**LAW PARTNERSHIP.**—The undersigned respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they have entered into a partnership for the purpose of practicing law in the different Courts of this and adjoining counties.  
Particular attention will be paid to all legal business growing out of Soldiers' Claims and sales of real estate.  
**GOIT & PARKER,**  
FINDLAY, May 20, 1862. Attorneys at Law.

**D. R. LOCKE**  
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## THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton roads we lay,  
On board the Cumberland ship of war;  
And at times from the fortress across the bay  
The alarm of drums swept past,  
Or a bugle blast  
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the South we sped,  
A little feather of snow white smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes  
Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force  
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily rained,  
Silent and sullen the floating fort;  
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns  
And leaps the terrible death,  
With fiery breath,  
From each open port.

We are not idle but send her straight  
Defiance back in a full broadside;  
As hail rebounds from roof of state,  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,  
In his arrogant and insolent strain.  
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;  
"It is better to sink than to yield!"  
And the whole air pealed  
With the cheers of our men.

Then like a kraken huge and black,  
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp,  
Down went the Cumberland, all a wreck,  
With a sudden shudder of death,  
And the cannon's breath  
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,  
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.  
Lord, how beautiful was that day!  
Every waft of the air  
Was a whisper of prayer,  
Or a dirge for the dead.

Lo! brave hearts that went down in the seas:  
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream,  
Lo! brave land! with hearts like these,  
That flag, that is rent in twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam!

**LOVE JACK.**  
Almost every village has some peculiar object of tradition upon which it prides itself. Apart from its magnificent scenery, the little village in Virginia to which we now refer, had nothing of especial curiosity except its hermit, "Love Jack," as he was called, a mysterious solitaire, who for about twenty years had made his abode in a cavern near the brow of the mountain—one of the famed Blue Ridge—at the foot of which the village sunned itself, and, like most Virginia villages, slept.

Absolutely nothing was known of Love Jack's history at the village, other than that he had come there from parts unknown, bought the whole mountain, furnished the cavern for his permanent home, made a clearing around it, and had a garden there. From time to time, he would descend to make purchases, or could be seen sauntering through the village or the woods around, holding small converse with any one; and often he could be espied at the very topmost point of his elevated home, reading upon the rocks or gazing with folded arms upon the sublime landscape which encircled him. He was now seemingly a man of sixty years, full six feet in height, and well proportioned. His full flowing beard swept his massive chest, and added much to the impressive majesty of his countenance. His eyes were large, dark and cavernous; and melancholy and firmness blent in the refined expression of his features, whose benevolent cast rendered their sombre character the less forbidding.

A Mr. Mountfort, a Georgia planter, with his wife, travelling North to escape the excessive heats of their warmer latitude one summer, and tarrying in this village on their way heard of Love Jack, and determined to visit him. Early one bright morning, they were pioneers on the mountain side, and met the "godly hermit" at work weeding his garden. Dismissing the guide, Mountfort approached the old man, who bowed a welcome to his visitors.

Explaining who they were Mountfort hoped he should not be regarded as a trespasser upon the privacy of one, who, he had heard, was averse to human society.

"Not at all," replied the hermit, with a faint smile, leading the way to his cavern and beckoning them to follow, where they were soon seated in a cavity in the rock, his abode for a score of years, perhaps the abode of wild beasts before him, from its creation down.

"The old man of the mountain" may be somewhat misanthropic, but he is no churl, though not over-fond of visits from more idle strollers; and visits from these are now fortunately few.

"I suppose you must sometimes weary of this loneliness, and the sight of the human face is not distasteful to you."

"I never have regretted my choice of an abode," replied the old man, "habit is second nature, and thoughtful minds can people solitudes. I know I should feel more lonely in the society of my fellow-creatures, and can truly say that:

"I love not man the less but Nature more  
From these our interviews from which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe and feel  
What I can express, but cannot all conceal."

Further conversation induced Love Jack to volunteer his guest an outline of his life.

"My story may be tedious to you," said he, "but its peculiarity is not without interest. Though I was born in the North, where there are no slaves, I have been like you a slaveholder. At the age of thirty-five, I was a poor man with no near relatives. At about that time the death of a kinsman in the State of Mississippi made me his sole heir, and I went there to find myself rich—the owner of broad lands and many slaves.

"The novelty of the transaction made it highly pleasing for a while; but my own good fortune could not dull my sense of the misfortune of others. I had been educated in a different school, and I could not but view with pity and disgust a system of unpaid labor, some of the concomitants of which were the buying and selling of human beings from bondage to bondage; the sway of absolutism in a free country; the arbitrary parting of kindred at the will of a master; and the power to whip and brand human flesh. I felt guilty in the possession of wealth, resulting from no merit of my own, but wrong from the sweat and fatigue of humble, benighted creatures born with no friend save God, and yoked for life, without a crime without a hope. I therefore did much to ameliorate their condition, though for a few years I did not make up my mind to free them.

"Among my slaves was a really beautiful mulatto, Negro blood could not be predominated in her veins. Her features were regularly and finely cut, and her form and movements were grace itself. You may have seen such. The red color came and went in her complexion, at sudden emotion, as visibly as in a white face. Her voice was music and her ways like stars."

The visitors smiled at each other. "You may wonder at my rhapsody, and yet more when I tell you that I loved her.

itely, found it difficult to hurry them off with proper directions to evade pursuit. There were no other of my people in sight; and furnishing them with money, and bidding them take a wagon and a fresh horse, ride till he dropped and then trust to God, I saw them soon out of early reach, at least; and then, unseen, I entered the wagon I had left, and drove and drove in a round about way, to the village tavern, as it I had just arrived from my journey and had not visited the house at all."

"Some hours later, while I was calmly transacting some superfluous business in the village, a crowd of my neighbors and slaves came rushing to me, with the tidings that the man I had murdered in my house and that Phil and Jessie had absconded.

"The expression of anxiety in my face was by no means counterfeited, as I now returned home, unsuspected, and by any mortal; but my fears were for the fugitives, not myself. The house was soon thronged, and by various stratagems, I managed to delay pursuit for hours; and when the word investigations were done, announcing my flight, I led the most eager and indignant, in the wrong direction of the chase.

"In brief, the hunt proved fruitless. Providence guided the scared fugitives, and foiled their hunters. Through many perils they continued to escape, from county to county, and State to State; and not many months afterward I received intelligence of their whereabouts, and sent them sufficient means to make them comfortable for life.

"In due time the excitement died away; but, continually annoyed with suspicions of being an abolitionist, and thoroughly loathing a system of which I was an unwilling representative, I resolved to emancipate all my slaves, and seek a home farther North. I was not long in finding a purchaser for the plantation; it was a fertile and well-watered one. Half the proceeds I divided among my freed slaves, as their due; the fruits of their toils and their progenitors for years; and placing them safely aboard a ship, I sailed with them to distant parts, where all, who work in honesty, are masters of themselves, however humble, ignorant or homely.

"Ah, my friends, I, once a slaveholder, did indeed feel like a 'patriarch' when I parted with those ignorants for the last time; for I felt that I had given them, and theirs to come, their liberty forever; and that the authority of the patriarch had been vindicated, not only by his surrender of it! I could not weep as I counseled them and tore myself from their clinging arms; and their tears of gratitude for release from slavery I regarded as my absolution for connection with it.

"Journeying awhile, restlessly, from place to place, at last I fixed upon this spot for my home; but here, for twenty years, I have dwelt in peace with God and nature, my books and thought of her."

"Is it possible that you can still be influenced by that singular attachment?" asked Mountfort wonderingly.

"It is. I never loved but once," said the old man, solemnly.

"Some natures, I believe, can love many times. Mine is not one of them. That poor, despised, but to me beautiful, slave, is the only earthly idol I have ever worshipped. Her image haunts me still. It made me the recluse I am; it contented me still to be so. I can glory in the sacrifice which I made for her, and I make my solitude sublime. I glory in the sacrifice which I fore bore to make when I would not force her to mine, but shielded her alike from the destroyer, from the pangs of disappointed love, from poverty, from myself. I have given her my life in my solitary fortress, but not desolate. There is a nameless happiness in virtuous melancholy, my friends; and the solitude of these long years, though always tinged with sadness as I thought of her, has also been glorified by the honorable retrospection. I can look back without a blush, and onward without fear; see glory in the grass and splendor in the flower; 'blossoms in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.'"

"Except slavery," interrupted Mountfort with a smile.

"And all other vice," added Love Jack. "For slavery is a crime, though mayhap you do not think so."

"Not necessarily wrong," returned Mountfort, "as I look at it—Power over the feeble may be used rightfully and to bless them."

"But I deny man's right to wield the power of slavery; or that liberty should be limited to those only who have superiority of mind. If the homely, poor, ignorant, feeble, indolent—as the negro is claimed to be—should be enslaved on the account of those attributes, millions of whites should this day be placed in chains. But such defects invoke our assistance, not our scorn; a helping hand and not a trampling foot. God never made a slave. Man's

tyranny has done it."

"The South could not live without slavery."

"I differ with you. If the white could not cause his fields to flourish so well, he still could live. And better the ground should lie idle than that every harvest should sigh over the proof of human persecution. Pirates and other knaves may laugh at principle when opposed to profit, but they give no laws to honest minds, and the ends of their gains is evil. They sow the wind and reap the whirlwind; and if this accursed wrong of slavery, this rule of might makes right, this vain aristocracy of color, this denial that the laborer is worthy of his hire, is not abolished by manly, magnanimous legislation, the inevitable hour will speedily come when the torpid heart of avarice will be aroused from its guilty lethargy, and repent its greed of gain and shame less tyranny in copious tears of blood."

"I will not argue the point with you, sir," replied Mountfort; but only insist that if an evil and wrong, we did not originate, but inherit it, we regard it now as the main fault of our existence; and it is not in human nature to sacrifice all for principle. Self preservation is the first law of nature."

"The perpetration of a mighty wrong—not a means of self preservation," returned the old man, "but of self-destruction. O that the South would be warned in time, and frankly starting with the admission that a man's man, bestow that liberty upon others which they have so jealously claimed for themselves. What a bright laurel might be plucked from the tree of Time! What a stain washed from the American name! What impending years of agony and ignominy might be averted! What a splendid security of future freedom peace and glory might thus gracefully and easily be obtained! But without her own voluntary action to that end, the sacrifice must still be made, and soon. Here in my lonely home I have closely watched the signs of the times; and what with the haughty spirit of the South and the true principles of the North, I dread the quickly coming cloud which breathes of civil war."

The interview having grown unpleasantly political, Mountfort asked that the theme might be changed; and after partaking of the free hospitalities of their host, and being shown by him the favorite features of his wild abode and its surroundings, with many thanks his visitors departed, too soon to realize the truth of what he prophesied.

**Sewing Women in London.**  
The London Times thus speaks of the condition of sewing women in London, and if it is not exaggerated it represents a state of things that is truly deplorable:

"The young female slaves of whom we speak are worked by gangs in ill-ventilated rooms that are not ventilated at all, for it is found by experience, that if the air be admitted it brings with it 'black' of another kind, which demands the work upon which the seamstress is employed. Their occupation is to sew from morning to night, stitch, stitch, without speech—without a smile—without a smile—without a sigh. In the gray morning they must be at work—say at six o'clock, having a quart of an hour allowed for breakfasting their fast. The food served out to them is scanty and miserable enough, but still, in all probability, more than their fevered system can digest. From six o'clock then, till eleven, it is stitch, stitch. At eleven, a small piece of dry bread is served to each seamstress, but still she must stitch on.

"At two o'clock twenty minutes are allowed for dinner—a slice of meat and a potatoe with a piece of toast and a glass of water to each work woman. Then again to work, stitch, stitch, stitch—until five o'clock, when fifteen minutes are again allowed for tea. These needles are set in motion once more—stitch, stitch—until nine o'clock, when fifteen minutes are allowed for supper—a piece of dry bread and cheese and a glass of beer. From nine o'clock at night until one, two and three o'clock in the morning stitch, stitch the only break in this long period being a minute or two; just time enough to swallow a cup of strong tea, which is supplied to the young people should 'feel sleepy.' At three o'clock a. m., to bed; at six o'clock a. m., out of it, again to resume the duties of the day. There must be a good deal of monotony in the occupation. But when we have said that for certain months of the year these unfortunate young persons are worked in the manner we described, we have not said all.

"Even during the few hours allowed to sleep—should we not rather say, to a feverish sensation from toil—their miseries continue. They are copied up in sleeping pens, ten in a room, which would

perhaps be sufficient for the accommodation of two persons. The alternation is from a tread-mill (and what a tread-mill!) to the Black Hole of Calcutta. Not a word of remembrance is allowed or is possible. The seamstress may leave the mill, no doubt, but what awaits them on the other side of the door? Starvation, if honest; if not, in all probability, prostitution and its consequences."

We suggest that the London Times and its American correspondent, Dr. Mackey, will do well to turn more of their attention from the Northern 'barbarians' of America to the dreadful condition of the above named class of British women. Bad as we are, we have no such uncivilized mode of treating the female race as is detailed above.

**Another Trial of Colored Soldiers.**  
The organization of a regiment of black soldiers, under the direction of Brig. Gen. Saxton, I am told is progressing finely. I have often expressed my strong conviction that the negroes would show themselves courageous and worthy of their freedom if ever an opportunity was offered them to fight, and recent events have fully justified this opinion. You have already received an account of a successful expedition of one of the tug boats with a company of armed blacks to Sapelo river and other places on the Georgia coast, where they were for the first time under fire, and acquitted themselves bravely in an engagement with their former masters, protecting the flight of a large number of their race who sought to escape the horrors of bondage. That success led to the projection of another enterprise, in brilliancy and practical value surpasses the first. Three companies of the South Carolina Volunteers, Capt. Towbridge, James and Randolph's under the command of Lieut. Col. Beard, Provost Marshal under Gen. Saxton, left Beaufort on the 13th inst., in the steamers Ben D. Ford and Darling, going to Oboe Sound, Georgia, and remaining there a week, returning with two hundred thousand feet of the best Georgia pine lumber, sawed and ready for use. This was taken from Hawkins, Todd and Blue's mills on the main land, directly in face of the rebels, who gave the black soldiers an opportunity to test their pluck on shore as they had previously on a tugboat, where they fought with the advantage of a partial barricade. While most of the negroes were engaged in loading the steamers with lumber, the company of Captain James advanced on a reconnaissance, and were opened upon with musketry by the rebels from a position in ambush.

The negroes deliberately returned the fire, and, drawn up in line of battle, kept up a fusillade, maintaining their ground, until by the aid of the guns of the steamers and those of their convey, the gunboat Mangle, the enemy was dislodged. Three of the colored soldiers were wounded, one so seriously that his arm must be amputated. The officers of these men express the greatest confidence in their fighting qualities, and after these practical tests of the courage, even of raw recruits, as were those composing this expedition, it is about as well that we should hear no more narrow-minded expressions of their incapacity to defend their liberties. [Port Royal Cor. N. Y. Herald.]

**PLEASE EVERYBODY.**—We do not remember to have read anything better than the following sentiments. They are true to the letter:

"Heaven help the man who imagines he can do his enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad to know it. Not that we believe in a man's going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion; allowing and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion—so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing your respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, spite of wind or weather, storm and sunshine. It costs the vaccillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shift, and twist that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground."

"Take what time you please to make up your mind; having once made it up, stick to it, like a barr to a chest nut."

"If a word or two will render a man happy," said a Frenchman, he must be a wretch indeed who will not give it. It is like lighting another man's candle with your own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains." If all men acted upon that principle, the world would be much happier than it is.

The tendency of treason. Beauregard issued an order that all supporters of our government should be called "Abolitionists." The command was forthwith obeyed by all the traitors, North and South, and now, when they refer to loyal men, who stand by the government, these obedient subjects of Jeff. Davis are sure to follow Beauregard's order. But, the command has been extended, and schools, churches, Preacher, railroads, telegraphs, and all the elements of civilization and christianity, which do not uphold and applaud treason, and slavery, are to be denounced and put down. In a recent speech in Indiana, Mr. Vallandigham opened the campaign upon civilization as follows: What do the sober loyal people think of such talk?

The railroads, the banks, the telegraph lines; the express companies and another element that had of late defiled itself in the land—the churches—were all arrayed against the people. The pure altars of Christianity were defiled, and the disciples had huckstered in the markets. The churches had departed from the doctrines of Christ and him crucified, and taken up the rigger and him glorified! There will be no Union, no peace, no hope, no country, until you drive out those who have defiled the temple of the Savior of mankind, and restore the gospel in its purity. It is time to abandon the Abolition churches.—Refuse them support. It is time to speak out.

The Sunday Schools were used as a lever to upset Democracy, and support a set of Abolition Lecturers. When you find such, keep your children at home. Teach them honesty and true religion, and they will go through the world right.

The press. Never in the history of the world was there a period when the Abolition press teemed with such wickedness. The end and aim seemed to be to incite to mobs and murder. Democratic papers had no chance on the trains, while every aid had been given by these corporations to spread Abolition treason broadcast over the land. These railroad managers must be made to know and feel that there are more Butterfats and Copperheads to travel and to do business of the country than there are of the opponents.

**IMPORTANT TO THE HEIRS OF DECEASED SOLDIERS.**—We learn from Second Auditor French, that numerous cases occur in which the heirs of deceased soldiers are cruelly defrauded by parties acting as claim agents and collecting back pay and bounties. In some instances these claim-sharks exact from the widow or other heir, half, or even more of the amount due, a proportion atrociously in excess of the value of the services rendered.

In view of these practices, it is better for claimants, as a general thing, to correspond directly with the Government. A circular has been prepared, containing all necessary information and forms; and all postage on communications in regard to those matters is paid by the Department. Any claimant, therefore, can send to the Second Auditor's office, without expense, and obtain such information as will enable him or her to prepare and transmit the necessary papers, and secure the payment direct of the amount due as soon as it can be legally made.

**Wash. Cor. N. Y. Times.**  
**EDITORIAL DELIBERATE.**—If an Editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an Editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes he is a mullet. If he does he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard, if he does not, he is dull and insipid.

**SLAVERY IN MARYLAND.**—The Baltimore American closes an article on this subject as follows:

"If there are any who think that slavery can exist in Maryland after this war is ended, as a system of profitable labor, the sooner they open their eyes to the inevitable future, the better for them. To suppose that after so terrible a conflict as that through which the loyal portion of the country will have passed they will ever consent to the existence of the cause of the rebellion, between them and their national capital, is simply preposterous. If the emancipation proclamation is rejected, all that are valuable will be spirited away and the door shut for their recovery. Whether the slaveholders of Maryland, therefore, the great majority of whom are disloyal, wish it or not, the days of the institution are numbered in our state.

The Cincinnati Enquirer (Dem.) says that the guerrilla murders by Secessionists in Kentucky, "should be frowned down."

Is not that a little too severe treatment for our "misguided brethren?" Suppose it should irritate them. Would it not be better to coax them down?

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